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STUDIO FOR LADIES.

We call the attention of those ladies who desire to study the art of drawing and painting in oil, water-colors and pastel, to the studio just opened by the well known artist, F. Rondel, Esq., at No. 35 Union Square. Mr. Rondel's reputation is too well known to require any endorsement from us; but in addition to his artistic abilities, he has had a wide and varied experience in teaching, which fits him admirably for the duties he has undertaken. The advantages of Mr. Rondel's studio over public drawing schools are many, and not the least of them is, that every pupil receives full individual attention from an eminent practical artist. The studio is well stocked with sketches from nature, by Mr. Rondel and other artists. The time allotted for each session, is three hours and a half. We very cordially commend Mr. Rondel's undertaking to our readers.

The artists who occupy the Studio Building in Tenth street, and those located at Dodworth's in the Fifth avenue, have commenced their Receptions for the season. These receptions are as popular as they are pleasantly social, and their influence in bringing into more intimate relations artists with the public, cannot fail to prove of signal benefit to Art itself.

Her Royal Highness, the Crown Princess of Prussia, has honored the sculptor, Kuntze, in a very flattering manner, for his excellent work, "Puck on his War-horse."

Eastman Johnson has just completed a picture in pastel, of Abraham Lincoln, when a youth. He represents him as reading by fire-light in a rude shanty. It is characteristically drawn, and the effect is broad and striking.

They talk of introducing in Paris the Italian idea of providing two doors hung with velvet *portieres*, in the drop curtains of the Opera Houses, for the comfortable entrance and exit of the singers who are encored.

Costa, the operatic conductor at Covent Garden, is to produce his oratorio, "Nannerl," at the Italian Opera House in Paris this month, with Patti, Grossi and Agnesi as soloists.

Fetis has been to Paris to publish his report of the musical section of the Exposition. The official order of the awards of gold medals for grand pianofortes is this: Broadwood, England; Steinway and Chickering, America; Streicher & Sons, Austria; Sax, for his six-valve trombones, trumpets, and cornets, gaining the only grand prize—a gold medal of the value of £40. The other gold medals are of the value of £10. When tried in juxtaposition with one of Erard's grands, the American pianos were found, in respect to touch and quality of sound, not so satisfactory.

A FORGOTTEN ACADEMICIAN.

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

No better theme for a homily on the vanity of fame could well be found than the life of Angelica Kauffman. In the latter half of the last century her name was familiar to the whole of the fashionable world; her sayings were quoted, her dress was copied, her pictures were admired, and, still better, bought for large sums, and her talents and beauty were extolled to the skies. In the present day what ideas does the name of Angelica Kauffman convey? It is dimly connected in the minds of a few with a large, faded, dismal allegorical picture in a corner of the National Gallery, while to others it is a blank. Yet the painter of that picture was the idol of the fashionable world, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds—the then President of the Royal Academy—and herself the first lady painter dignified with the rank of Royal Academician.

This fair artist, whom the gentlemen admired and the ladies dreaded, had no advantages of birth to recommend her, no aristocratic relatives to promote her interests in the world. Her father was an itinerant Swiss painter without fame or money, who, travelling hither and thither on the look-out for sign-boards to paint or pictures to clean, wandered upon one occasion into the town of Chur, the capital of the Grisons, where, falling in love with a damsel of humble station, he became a husband, and in the year 1742 a father, his child being christened Marie Angélique Katherine. Brought up amidst the surroundings of an artist's life, the young Angelica learnt to handle palettes and brushes almost as soon as she could walk, and, if report may be believed, at the early age of eleven had not only far exceeded her father in the art in which he had instructed her, but had actually made for herself on the other side of the Alps an artistic reputation by painting portraits of the Italian nobility.

In addition to artistic fame earned at so early an age, the young Angelica had another gift which rivalled her skill with the pencil. She had a voice of marvellous sweetness and compass, and, though little educated in music, her powers of execution and expression were such that in critical Milan tempting offers were made her while her artistic honors were fresh upon her, to abandon the brush for the lyric stage—offers which, after some deliberation, she declined, choosing to transmit her name to posterity as a painter rather than as a songstress.

Year by year the fame of Angelica Kauffman increased, and as she travelled from town to town through Italy she met everywhere with cordial receptions. In her journeys she naturally fell in with many English tourists, from more than one of whom she received warm, pressing invitations to visit England—invitations of which she determined to avail herself, and to prepare for which she applied herself to the study of the language of the country she intended for a time to make her home. She speedily acquired a knowledge of the, to her, somewhat difficult tongue (for Angelica, amongst her numerous accomplishments, was an admirable linguist, being familiar with five or six different languages), and in the year 1766 arrived in London, and took up her temporary abode with a family whose acquaintance

she had made in Venice. She was not long in England before being introduced to the man who at the time ranked preeminent in art—Sir Joshua Reynolds. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and ultimately, on the gentleman's side, into love; but Angelica refused to listen to the outpourings of the famous painter's passion, and steadily declined to entertain the proposals of marriage urged upon her by the President of the Royal Academy.

Feeling, perhaps, the necessity of some further protection than that of her new-made English friends, Angelica wrote to her father, begging him to make London his home, at all events for a time. He acceded to her request, and father and daughter were soon installed in the then fashionable locality of Golden Square, in a house before which day by day a string of carriages appertaining to the greatest in the land drew up while their owners enjoyed the coveted pleasure of a few moments' conversation with the idolized Angelica. And so the humble Swiss girl became a fashionable notability in London, forced into a prominent position by the power of her great beauty and marvellous talents, and so she enslaved the gay world, who prostrated themselves before her, offering hearts, money, talent, and titles in exchange for her hand. To all, however, the same answer was returned; the fair Angelica was still heart-whole, and devoted more to art than to its votaries.

So she continued, despite the numerous attempts made to lead her captive to the altar, till the appearance on the scene of one known as the Count Horn, who, in his way, became almost as much the fashion as Angelica herself. Gifted by Nature with a handsome face and plausible tongue, blessed—so he gave out—with an enormous fortune and an old Swedish title, he obtained introductions into the best of the London society, and by his ready adoption of the sports and vices of the day speedily ingratiated himself with the young "bloods" with whom he was brought in contact. Whether it was the face, the wealth, or the title, we can hardly hazard a guess; but Angelica Kauffman succumbed when the Count Horn laid siege to her heart, and promised to become his wife. The greater portion of the fashionable world were present at the wedding; gifts showered upon the bride, congratulations upon the bridegroom, the bells rang out their merriest, and, for a short time, Angelica's marriage promised to be a happy one. But scarcely had the world ceased to talk of the ceremonial which had made the young Swiss artist a wife, than a strange rumor arose and passed from mouth to mouth respecting a second Count Horn then in England. Piece by piece the story leaked out. It was discovered that Angelica had been made the dupe of an unscrupulous adventurer—a discharged servant—who, having purloined his master's money and title, palmed himself upon the world as a Swedish nobleman, and in that character had sought and obtained the hand of Angelica Kauffman in marriage. It was no count with whom she had linked her fate, but a thief and a forger—a criminal who, but for the leniency and consideration of the real Swedish nobleman, might have ended his days in prison. As it was, he was promised a small pension on condition of absenting himself for ever from England. He agreed to the condition and took the pension.

This terrible blow to the pride, if not to